



These songs were written  
between the years 1852 + 1856  
by Belinda A. Collins



## The Dying wife

1 I'd have you call him quickly  
 I feel that - I must - die  
 My breath comes up so faintly  
 And clouds are passing by  
 I shall not see the morning  
 Lord may I come to thee  
 Thou carest - for the sparrow  
 Be merciful to me

2 Dear husband thou art near me  
 To glad this heart once more  
 Thou hast loved me long and dearly  
 Its throbs will soon be o'er  
 Oh how I hate to leave thee  
 Thou hast loved me long and true  
 And see how parting grieves me  
 And leave my children too

3 I would not have you call them  
 Nor break their slumbers now  
 But hush without number  
 Prep on this little brow



And tell them that their Mother  
Did pray that they might be  
Good and kind unto each other

And a blessing dear to thee  
4 This fainting heart would rather  
Have laid aside the cup  
Oh help me heavenly father  
To give my treasures up  
For there are many mansions  
Prepared by Jesus love  
Oh meet me, there dear husband  
We'll join again above

Spring field mountains  
1 On spring field mountains there did dwell  
A lively youth who was known full well  
Lieutenant Merrick only son  
A little more than twenty one  
2 Last Friday morning he did go  
Down to the meadow for to mow  
Around or to then he did feel  
A poison serpent bite his heel



3 Soon as he received this deathly wound  
He dropped his self the low to the ground  
And then for home was his intent  
Calling aloud still as he went

4 His friends and neighbors did him hear  
But none of them did come anear  
Thought as for workman he did call  
And so poor man alone did fall

5 He sat him down composed to rest  
With both his arms across his breast  
His eyes and mouth were closing fast  
And so poor man he sleep his last

6 His careful father quickly came  
To seek his son in discontent  
And there he found his only son  
Lying on the ground cold as a stone



7 In seventeen hundred eighty one  
This fatal accident - was done  
Let this a warning be to all  
To be prepared when God doth call.  
"S" "S" "S" "S"

### The Drunkards Lament

1 I dreamt a dream the other night  
When all around was still  
I thought I saw my cottage white  
Upon yon flowery hill  
The grass plot green before the door  
The porch with vines overspread  
Where lovely as they were before  
When that home was my own  
Chorus Oramseller that home that home  
That pleasant home that happy home  
That cottage home was mine

2 The gravel walks so white and straight  
With flowerbenches on each side  
That leads down to the wicket gate



Where Willie used to ride  
The locusts in the path that grew  
The willow boughs that-swayed  
All told me with a tongue more true  
That there my Mary laid  
Chorus

3 The silver lake so calm and clear  
Along whose banks I've strayed  
So often with my Lucy dear  
To watch the sunlight-fade  
The brook that-sweetly runs  
The garden foot along  
The murmuring fount as bright as then  
Still sang that same loved song  
Chorus

4 The window toward the garden gate  
That looked out on the west  
Where that loved being used to wait  
Who made my home so blest  
Where closed the sombre curtains hang



And no loved face was there  
Her voice ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> evening song that sung  
Or breathed the morning prayer.  
Chorus

5 Silence hung round that happy home  
Where one so light and free  
My laughing children used to come  
And dance upon my knee  
Yes she who was that home's dear light  
In constant beauty shone  
Around that cheerful hearth <sup>light</sup> stone  
All now was still and lone  
Chorus

6 Yes that loved wife has gone to rest  
In death her heart is bound  
Her babes are sleeping on her breast  
Beside that yon shady mound  
And I am wandering lone & stray  
My <sup>no matter of my still</sup> home my cottage home is changed  
To a hut - be hind the hill  
Chorus



## Good bye

1 Farewell, Farewell is a lovely word  
And always brings a sigh  
But give to me when love once spark  
That sweet old word good bye

2 Farewell fare well may do for the gay  
When pleasures throng is nigh  
But give to me that better word  
That comes from the heart good bye

3 Adieu Adieu we hear it oft -  
With a tear perhaps with a sigh  
But the heart feels most when <sup>it moves not</sup> the lips  
And the eye speaks the gentle good bye

4 Farewell fare well is heard no more  
When the tears in a mother's eye  
Adieu Adieu she speaks it not -  
But my love good bye good bye  
S S S S S S

V V V



The canary bird  
You think I have a merry heart-  
Because my songs are gay  
But O they were all taught to me  
By friends now far away  
The bird retains his silver note  
Though bondage chains his wing  
His song is not a happy one  
I'm saddest when I sing

I learned them first in that <sup>happy</sup> sweet  
I never more shall see

And now each song of joy has got  
A plaintive turn for me  
How his rain in winter's time  
To mock the songs of spring  
Each note recalls some withered leaf  
Poor saddest when I sing

Of all the friends I used to love  
My harp remains alone  
Its faithful voice still seems to be  
An echo of my own

My tears when I bend over it, will fall upon the strings  
Yet they who hear me little think  
Poor saddest when I sing



## My Old Kentucky Home

The sun shines bright in me old kentucky home

It is summer the darkeys are gay

The corn tops ripe and the meadows in their bloom

And the birds make music all the day

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor

Still merry and happy and light

By and by hard times come a knocking at <sup>the door</sup>

Then me old kentucky home good night

Chorus Weep no more my lady

Weep no more to day

We will sing one song for me old kentucky <sup>home</sup>

For me old kentucky home far away

Oh we'll hunt no more for de possum & de coon

O'er the meadow the hill & the shore

Oh we'll sing no more by the glimmer of the moon

On the bench by the old cabin door

The day goes round like a shadow on the heart

Oh my with sorrow where all was delight

A few more days and de darkey, I'll have to part  
From me old kentucky home good night



The heads will bow & and the backs will <sup>to bend</sup> here

Where ever the darkey may go

A few more days and the trouble all will <sup>end</sup>

In the field where the sugar cane grows

A few more days to toat the very load

No matter it never be light

A few more days still we tatter on the road

My Old Kentucky home good night

Chorus

### Lilly Dale

'Twas a calm still night & the moons <sup>light</sup> pale

Shone soft o'er hill & dale

Where the friends <sup>stood around the death bed</sup> mute with grief


Of our poor lost Lilly Dale

Oh Lilly Sweet Lilly Dear Lilly Dale

Now the wild flowers wave over her <sup>green grass</sup> little

Heath the tree is the flower, vale



  
Her cheek that once <sup>rose</sup> ~~glowed~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>health</sup>  
By the hand ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~deceit~~ <sup>pal</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>turn'd</sup>  
And the death damp <sup>drog</sup> was on the pure ~~white~~  
Of my poor lost Lill Dale.  
Chorus

I go she said, to the land of rest  
And e'er my strength shall fail  
I will tell you where <sup>hope</sup> ~~my own~~ <sup>loved</sup>  
You must lay my poor Lill Dale.  
Chorus

Bath the chestnut shade the wild <sup>grow</sup> ~~flowers~~  
And the streams ripple forth <sup>through</sup> ~~through~~  
Where the birds shall warble their song <sup>spring</sup> ~~in~~  
There lay my poor Lill Dale.  
Chorus, O Lill Dale



The false lover,  
I knew him not: I sought him not—  
He was my father's guest—  
I gave him not one smile more true,  
Then those I gave the rest—  
He sat beside me at the bar,  
The choice it was his own—  
And oh! I never heard a voice  
With half so sweet a tone,

Then at the dance again we met  
Again I was his choice,  
Again I heard those gentle tones  
Of that beguiling voice,  
I sought him not, he led me fast  
From all the fairest there,  
And told me he had never seen  
A face he thought so fair.

And why fore did he tell me this  
His praises made me vain



And when he left me how I longed  
To hear that voice again  
I wondered why my old pursuits  
Had lost their wonted charms  
And why my path was dull unless  
I leaned upon his arm  
~~~~~

Alas I might have guessed the <sup>cause</sup> the  
For what could make me shun  
My parents cheerfull dwelling place  
To wander all alone  
Or what could make me bend my knee  
Or study to improve  
The form that he had ~~claimed~~ <sup>to praise</sup>  
What could it be but love  
~~~~~

He little knew I of the world  
And less of mans career  
I thought each smile was kind enough  
Each word of praise sincere



His sweet voice spoke gently low  
I listened, and believed  
And little dreamt how oft before  
That sweet voice had deceived  
~~~~~

She smiles upon another now  
And in that same sweet tone  
She breathes to her those gentle words  
I once thought all my own  
Ah why is she so beautiful  
I cannot blame his choice  
Nor can I doubt she will be won  
By that beguiling voice  
~~~~~



Wait for the wagon  
Will you come with me my Phillis dear  
To you blue mountains free  
Where Hopoms smell the sweetest  
Come rove along with me  
On every Sunday morning when I am <sup>side</sup> by you  
We'll jump into the wagon and all <sup>side</sup> take  
Chorus Wait for the wagon We'll all take  
( , , , , )

Where the river runs like silver  
The birds they sing so sweet  
I have a cabin Phillis

And something good to eat  
Come listen to my story I will <sup>heart</sup> relieve my  
To jump into the wagon & off we will start  
( , , , , ) Chorus

Do you believe my Phillis dear  
Old Mike with all his wealth  
Can make you half so happy  
As I with youth and health



Will have a little farm a horse a pig a cow  
And you with the dairy <sup>judge the hog</sup> While I will  
~~~~~ Chorus

Your lips are red as poppies  
Your hair so slick and neat  
All braided up with daisies  
And holl hocks so sweet  
On every Sunday morning when I am <sup>side</sup> <sup>by</sup> <sup>your</sup>  
We'll jump into the wagon <sup>side</sup> <sup>by</sup> <sup>your</sup> and take a  
~~~~~ Chorus

Together on life's journey  
We'll travel till we stop  
And if we have no trouble  
We'll reach the happy top  
Then come with me sweet Phyllis  
My dear my love my bride  
We'll jump into the wagon  
And all take a ride

~~~~~ Chorus



Answer to wait for the wagon  
Jacob gets the mitten to go  
I thank you Mr Jacob I'm not inclined  
Your wagon is to clumsy & your team is too slow  
And though it could make you happy with your  
To go out in such a turnout would be shocking  
Chorus To ride in a wagon An old rust wagon  
A squeaking lumber Would be shocking  
Besides a jitting wagon I never could abide

And then that sweet love story  
Which has weighed upon your heart  
Must be a queer sensation  
Which effects another part  
Your love is in your stomach  
And no doubt tis very sweet  
To think when I am by your side  
Of something good to eat  
Chorus Away with your wagon An old rust wagon  
A squeaking lumber wagon Away with it  
But in a common wagon I would scorn to take



Perhaps you may consider  
I'm very hard to please  
But I can never be happy  
In a dairy making cheese  
To keep your little farm house  
And just go and mind your silos  
I'm sure I can do better

Than consent to milk your cow  
And ride in wagon, In old rusty wagon  
A squeaking lumber wagon <sup>I don't</sup> like to  
To think of such a wagon it mortifies me now

Old Mike was not so stupid when he asked me for his <sup>bid</sup>  
As to bring a clumsy wagon and invite me out to ride,  
And though he was so handsome just as you may deem yourself  
I think him quite acceptable especially his "self",  
All ride in a carriage. A fine gilded carriage <sup>carriage</sup> and very cushioned  
And own it all my self So I'll not decline marriage  
With Old Mike and a "self"



The starry hours

Oh! the lone starry hours give to me <sup>Love</sup>

When so beautiful is the night

When the round laughing moon <sup>Love</sup> we see

As she peeps through the clouds silvery light

When the winds through the laurels sweep <sup>Love</sup>

And I gaze on some bright rising star

When the world is in dream and in sleep <sup>Love</sup>

Then awake while touch my guitar  
, , , , ,

When the red rose morn grows bright <sup>Love</sup>

Far away o'er the distant sea

And the stars speak their gentle light <sup>Love</sup>

Then awake for a welcome to me

And Oh! if that pleasure be mine <sup>Love</sup>

We will wander together a far

My heart shall be thine thine mine <sup>Love</sup>

Then awake while I touch my guitar

Repeat the last four lines



Oh! take me home to die  
This land is very bright  
Those flowers are very fair  
There's magic in the orange grove  
And fragrance in the air  
But take me to my kingd<sup>d</sup> dot home where the black goats<sup>h</sup> bell  
Let me go back again brother Oh! take me home to die  
! ! ! ! ! ! !

Let my Father's hand but not Mother  
 In blessings on my head  
 Let my brother and my sister dear  
 But throng around my bed  
 O let those loved ones near Receive thy parting breath  
 When I bid you all good night Mother and sleep the <sup>slight death</sup>

These flowers are sweet as sweets afford,  
I scent the flowers to breathe  
But ere they bloom again brother  
I shall be lost in death  
Then take me to my dear old home, No roses are so dear  
As those that bloom upon the bush, To our old home so near.



It will be blooming soon Mother

Then come, Oh! let me go

Give me once more those roses

Before you lay me low

You lay them on my grave Mother say Mother will you not

You lay me by the mossy bank <sup>you</sup> have told you <sup>not</sup> get the

Be close beside the church Mother

And where you kneel to pray

I'll listen to your words Mother

And hear what you shall say

You must not weep for me Mother God shall <sup>be</sup> happy

For though I cannot stay with you <sup>me</sup> yet you can come <sup>to</sup>

Dear Mother I'm weeping

I cannot stop the tears

They are swelling at the thought of home

And of my early years

I feel I'm going now Mother, O take me with <sup>thy</sup> <sup>beard</sup>

And let me feel your lips Mother, Press on my forehead <sup>prepared</sup>



There's a dimness in my sight Mother  
I cannot get my breathe  
Is it your robe I hear Mother  
Oh All mine is this death  
You tell my Brother how I feel now, And send it to him now  
You tell my Brothers each for me they will forget I fear

You tell <sup>my</sup> Brother, Sister dear  
I have gone up on high  
And if they are good children here  
They'll see me when they die  
I feel I'm going now Mother One kiss ere life is <sup>over</sup>  
Fare you well my own dear Mother until we meet <sup>in heaven</sup>





The Dismal Swamp

They made her a grave so cold and damp  
For a heart so warm and true  
She's gone to the Lakes the dismal swamp  
Where all night long by her fire fly lamp  
The paddles her light-canoes  
Her fire fly lamp I soon shall see  
Her paddle I soon shall hear  
Tune and loving her life shall be  
I'll hide a maid in cypress tree  
When the footstep of death was near  
Way to the dismal swamp he sped  
His path was rugged and sore  
Through tangled juniper beds of weeds  
Through every den where the serpent feeds  
And warm river trod before  
And when on earth he lay down to sleep  
He stumber his eyes he knew  
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep  
His venomous blood and misanthropic sleep  
And the flesh with blistering dew



And near him the she wolf ~~staid~~ <sup>staid</sup> the lake  
And the copper snake leathed in his ear  
And startling he cried from his dream awake  
"L! when shall I see the dusk-lake  
And the light-cancer of my dear  
He reached the lake in a meteor spark  
Quick over the surface fled  
Welcome he cried my dear one light-  
And the dim shore echo for many a night  
H. On the name of that death cold mail

Gill he made him a boat of birch and bark  
Which carried him off from the shore  
Long he followed that meteor spark  
The winds were high and the night was dark  
And the boat returned no more  
And off from the <sup>high</sup> hunters camp  
This river and maid is true  
Are seen at the hour of midnight <sup>clump</sup>  
Beside a lake by the fire fly lamp  
The paddles her light-cancer B



gun  
Came all ye told him less that handle the  
Beware of your shooting at the setting of sun  
For a melancholly accident that happened of late  
To Mary Van Buren whose fortune was great—

She being out a walking with a shawl upon one  
Arm under a green bush the shower to shun  
Young James being out a fowling he shot <sup>the dark</sup> in  
He shot forth to kill her and not miss his <sup>mask</sup>

Then James going up to her and saying it was she  
His limbs they grew feeble and his eyes could <sup>not see</sup>  
Then he poured her all in his arms when he  
And a fountain of tears streaming her he used

There James going home with his gun in his hand  
Saying father dear I shall see the little Mary Van  
I've killed that fair creature the joy of my life  
And oft times I've told her I could make her



His father going up to him where lock were given  
Saying James my dear son James do not go away  
But stay in your own country till the trife come <sup>on</sup>  
And you will shall be King James for the Dutty <sup>husband</sup>

But as three nights after she to her <sup>husband</sup> <sup>uncle</sup> <sup>brother</sup>  
Saying Uncle dear Uncle James Kindah is here  
He bring out a foaling he thought me a man  
But alas Sir it was I Mary Bagg

Sir Duke went before her to her burial to the <sup>grave</sup>  
Sir Duke followed after in with oche <sup>poor</sup>  
Mr. Black was their mourning ally <sup>band</sup>  
And a ~~long~~ <sup>long</sup> firing loud cannon was heard over the <sup>land</sup>



Do they miss me at home do they miss me  
Would be an assurance most dear  
To know this moment some loved one  
Were saying I wish he was here  
To feel that the group at the fireside  
Were thinking of me as I roam  
Oh! ye would be joy beyond measure  
To know that miss me at home  
To know that they miss me at home

When twilight approaches the season  
That ever was sacred to song  
Does some one repeat my name over  
And sigh that I tarry so long  
And is there a cord in the measure  
That's missed when my voice is away  
A cord in each heart that awaketh  
Regret at my wearisome stay



Do they place me a chair near the table  
When evening home pleasures are nigh  
When the Loungers are sit in the parlor  
And the stars in the calm azure sky  
And when the good nights are repeated  
And all lay them down to their sleep  
Do they think of the absent and ask me  
If I whisper good night- o'er the deep //

Do they miss me at home do they miss me  
At morning at noon or at night-  
And linger one gloomy shade round them  
That only ~~by~~ my presence can light-  
Are joys less invitingly welcome  
Are pleasures less valued than before  
Because one is missed from the circle  
// Because I am with I am with you no more //

O yes we do miss thee kind voices  
Are calling me back as I roam  
And eyes have grown weary with weeping  
All watch for to welcome me home



Kind friends ye shall watch me no longer  
I'll hurry me back from the sea  
For how can I stray when followed  
By watchings and prayers such as these 11

We miss thee at home yet we miss thee  
I would be an assurance most dear  
To know that ~~this~~

Since the hour that we bade thee adieu  
And prayers have encircled thy pathway  
From anxious heart-braving and true  
<sup>thy</sup> The angels would guard and protect thee  
Thus far from the loved one you roam  
And a whisper whenever thou art saddened  
We miss thee all miss thee at home

When morning awakes us from slumber  
We catch from thee life's first kiss  
And fold in a wandering zephyr  
To be wafted to him whom we miss



And when we have joined the fond circle  
And replaced the still vacant chair  
In each eye arise gathering tears  
For him we want to see there!

The shadows of evening are falling  
Oh! where is the wander now  
The Breeze that floats light around us  
Perhaps may soon visit his brow  
O. bear on thy bosom a message  
We are watching Oh! why wilt thou roam  
The heart as grown sad and dejected  
Wee we miss thee all miss thee at home D. G.  
The Young folks at home  
Twas I in a southern grove I dwell  
No sorrow there I know  
And every hour was brighter still  
That gayly o'er me flew  
The little ones that clung around  
Far from them I did roam  
Made every hour still happier seem  
Oh! the dear young folks at home



Chorus, I'm very sad no joy for me  
Why did I ever roam  
Then shall I never more see  
Those dear young folks at home

We'll play the bangi tumbaine  
And dance beneath the shade  
And all around us love to hear  
The music that we made  
The mocking bird sang sweetly there  
And the wild birds <sup>they</sup> do come  
Which make the woods with music ring  
Oh! the dear young folks at home

I'm very sad to  
And now I'm wandering far away  
Where no such pleasures shine  
I little dreamt that sorrow would come  
To this poor heart of mine  
I'm scorned by all the carefree crowd  
It matter where I roam



Then shall I shall I never see  
Those dear young folks at home

I'm very sad &

And now I'll broken hearted go free

For soon they all despise

I'll grieve over all the happy past

With bitter tears and sighs

Then take me down to that hirsited spot

Where I always used to roam

And bury me in the cold cold ground

Near the dear young folks at home

- - - - - I'm very sad &

The Old Folks at home

Way down upon the swannes river

Far far away

Dare is where my heart is turning over

Dare is where the old folks stay

All up an down the whole creation

Sadly I roam

Still longing for de old plantation

And for de old folks at home



## Chorus

All de world am sad and dreary  
Every where I roam  
Oh! darkeys how my hart grows <sup>wear</sup>y  
Far from de ole folks at home

- - - - -

2<sup>d</sup> One little hut among de bushes  
One that I love  
Still fondly to me memory rushes  
No matter where I roam  
When I was playing wick my brudder  
Happy was I  
Oh take me to me kind old mudder  
Dare let me live and die

- - - - -

3<sup>d</sup> All arround de little farm I <sup>reared</sup> wan  
When I was young  
Many de happy days I squandered  
Many de songs I sung  
When will I hear de bees a humming  
All among de comb  
When will I hear de banjo tumming  
Down in de good ole home



1<sup>st</sup> Thou hast wounded the spirit that <sup>thine</sup> loved  
And cherished thine image for years  
Thou hast taught me at last to forget thee  
In secret in silence in tears  
Like a young bird when left by its mother  
Its earliest pinions to try (Chore)  
Round the nest will still linger  
Ere its trembling wings can fly  
I do

Thus we're taught in this world to sever  
Each feeling that once was so dear  
Like that young bird I'll try to disown  
A home of affection elsewhere  
Though this heart may still cling to thee <sup>fondly</sup>  
And dream of sweet memory past  
But hope like the rainbow of summer  
Gives a promise of love to the last



Saint of the Irish Emigrant-

I'm sitting on the stile, May,  
Where we sat side by side,  
On a bright-May morning long ago,  
When first you were my bride;  
The corn was springing for land green,  
The lark sang loud and high,  
And the red was on thy lip May,  
But the love light in thine eye,

The place is little changed, May,  
The day is bright as then;  
The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
And the corn is green again;  
But I miss the soft clasp of my hands,  
Your breath warm on my cheek;  
And I still keep listening for the words  
You never more may speak.



'Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
The little church stands there near -  
The church where we were wed, Mary!  
I see the spire from here;  
But the grave yard lies between, Mary;  
My step might break your rest,  
For I've laid you, darling down to sleep,  
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
For the poor make no new friends  
But Oh! they love the better far,  
The few our father sends -  
And you were all I had, Mary -  
My blessing and my guide;  
There's nothing left to care for now,  
Since my poor Mary died!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,  
My Mary kind and true!  
But I'll not forget you, darling,  
In the land I'm going to!



They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there,  
But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
In the land I'm going to.

And often in those grand old woods  
I sit, and shut my eyes,  
And my heart will travel back again  
To the place where Mary lies;  
And I'll think see the little sty  
Where we sat side by side,  
And the spring corn, and the bright hay mow,  
When first you were my bride!







2 The years of a household

1 They grew in beauty side by side  
They filled our home with glad  
Their years are passed here and not  
By mount and stream and sea  
The same kind mother heart of gold  
Old with full cheeks here  
She had each filled with love  
Where are those dear ones now?

2 One midst the part of the west  
By stream so fresh is laid  
The Indian houses his people  
In the quiet shade  
The sun the dark blue sea with  
In shape like a bird in flight  
It was the land of the  
The house the land of the



My dear friend  
I have just received  
your letter of the 10th  
and am very glad to hear  
from you. I am well and  
hope this finds you the same.  
I have been thinking much  
of late about the future  
of our country and the  
state of the world.  
It seems to me that we  
are in a very critical  
position and that the  
future is very uncertain.  
I hope that we may be  
able to overcome all our  
difficulties and that we  
may be able to secure  
a permanent peace and  
prosperity for all  
people.



## The graves of a household

1 They grew in beauty side by side  
They filled our home with glee  
Their graves are severed far and wide  
By mount and stream and sea.  
The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeper's brow  
She had each folded flower in sight  
Where are those dreamers now?

2 One midst the forest of the west—  
By stream so dark is laid  
The Indian knows his place of rest—  
Far in the cedar shade  
The sea the dark blue sea hath one  
He sleeps where pearls lie deep  
He was the loved of all yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep if



3. One sleeps where southern vines are dressed  
Above the noble slain  
He wrapt his corm round his breast  
In the blood red field of Spain  
And one o'er her the myrtle showers  
Its leaves by soft winds fanned  
She faded midst Italian flowers  
The last of that fair band!

The Orphans prayer

I love to stay where my mother sleeps  
And gaze on each star as it twinkling peeps  
Through that bending willow which lonely weeps

O'er my mothers grave

O'er my mothers grave

Through that bending willow

O'er my mothers grave

I love to kneel on the green turf there  
Far from the scenes of my daily care  
And breathe to my Saviour my evening prayer  
Chorus, O'er my mothers grave.



I still remember how oft she led  
And knelt me by her as with God she plead  
That I might be his when the cloth was spread  
O'er my mothers grave

I love to think how 'neath the ground  
She slumbers in death as a captive bound  
She'll slumber no more when the trumpet <sup>sound</sup> shall  
O'er my mothers grave

### Death bed scene

Long months of pain and sickness  
Had dimmed her loving eye  
And death the king of terrors  
Was standing closely by  
Upon her brow of marble  
We saw the clammy blight  
And knew her spirits pinions  
Were planning for their flight—  
Hush! Then the feeling came o'er us  
She's passing away!



With smothered sobs of anguish  
We heard her gasp for breath  
As farther yet she wandered  
Nearer the vale of death  
So cold so deep she murmured  
To him who held her hand  
The waters swell around me  
Oh for that heavenly land  
Chorus.

We sang to her of heaven  
Of those illusion plains  
Where holiness and beauty  
Forever ever reigns  
And of that glorious city  
The new Jerusalem  
Where each immortal saint  
Receives a diadem Chorus.

Smiles of exalting beauty  
Spread o'er her pallid face  
We knew that she had conquered



Through Jesus precious grace  
One farewell kiss she sighed for  
One sigh up heaved her breast  
One parting glance to loved ones  
And then she was at rest -  
Chorus, Then we knew Oh we knew  
She had passed away

Oh I am going home  
1<sup>st</sup> Oh I'm going home to the old hearthstone  
Where kind friends shall greet me as I come  
The fetters are strung round the household throng  
And I've wandered long but I'm going going  
I'm going home  
But I'm going going going going I'm going home  
Gone

Bathe the ever <sup>rest</sup> hill by the gentlest rill  
That ever kissed pebble is the old cot still  
It goes on to decay as it did that day  
When I wandered away  
So I'm going &c



3<sup>rd</sup> Soon soon shall I press to my throbbing <sup>breast</sup>  
The friends I in childhood so fondly caressed  
My heart strings thrill my eyelids fill  
For I love them still  
Oh I'm going &

4<sup>th</sup> Oh would that joy were free from alloy  
Oh would that no feelings nor hopes would destroy  
But I soon shall know whether weal or woe  
Betide where I go  
For I'm going &

5<sup>th</sup> Kind strangers adieu with hearts ever true  
As onward I go I will still think of you  
And when loved ones I meet round the <sup>seat</sup> family  
Your names I'll repeat  
For I'm going &

Oh! Here is me the cabin home  
Here is my sister and my brother  
Here lies my wife the joy of my life  
And my child in the grave with its  
Mother



My Old cabin home

1<sup>st</sup> I am going far away far away to leave you now  
To the Mississippi river I am going  
I will take me old banjo and settle down to <sup>rest</sup>  
Away down in me old cabin home

<sup>2<sup>nd</sup></sup> Chorus. on the opposite page  
I am going to leave this land with this our darkey <sup>banjo</sup>  
To travel all this wide world over  
And when I get tired I will settle down to rest  
Away down in me old cabin home

<sup>3<sup>rd</sup></sup> Chorus -  
And when old age comes on me and <sup>turning gray</sup> my hair is  
I will hang up the banjo all alone  
I will sit down by the fire and pass the time away  
Away down in me old cabin home

<sup>4<sup>th</sup></sup> Cho  
It is there where I roam away down on the old farm  
Where all the darkeys are free  
Merrily sound the banjo for the white folks <sup>soon</sup> round the  
Away down in me old cabin home  
Chorus



Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved  
And cherished thine image for years  
Thou hast taught me at last to forget thee  
In secret - in silence in tears  
Like a young bird when left by its mother  
Its earliest pinions to try  
Round the nest will still linger in love  
Ere its trembling wings can fly

Thus we're taught in this world to sever  
Each feeling that once was so dear  
Like that young bird I'll try to discover  
A home of affection else where  
Though this heart may still cling to the land  
And dreams of sweet memories past -  
Yet - hope like the rainbow of Summer  
Gives a promise of love to the last -



Come this way my Father

I remember a voice which once guided my way  
When tossed on the sea fog enshrouded I lay  
It was the voice of a child as he stood on the shore  
It sounded like music o'er the dark billows roar  
Come this way my Father steer straight-for me  
Here safe on the shore I'm waiting for thee

I remember that voice as it led our lonely way  
Midst-rock and through breakers and high dashing <sup>spray</sup>  
How sweet to my heart did it sound from the shore  
As it echoed so clearly o'er the dark billows roar  
Come this way my Father steer straight-for me  
Here safe on the shore I'm waiting for thee

I remember my joy when I held to my breast  
The form of that dear one and soothed it to rest  
For the tones of my child whispered soft to my ear  
I called you dear Father and knew you would hear  
The voice of your darling far o'er the dark sea  
While safe on the shore I was waiting for thee



That voice is now hushed which then guided <sup>me</sup>  
The forms I then pressed is now mingling with clay  
But the tones of my child still sound in my ear  
I'm calling you Father Can you not hear  
The voice of your darling as tossed on life's sea  
Far on the bright shore I'm waiting for thee

I remember that voice in many a lone hour  
It speaks to my heart with fresh beauty and power  
And still echoes far out o'er life's troubled wave  
And sounds from the loved lips that lie in the grave  
Come this way my Father oh steer strait for me  
Here safely in Heaven I'm waiting for thee.

### Over the River

O have you not heard of that realm of delight  
To which the blessed Saviour doth each one invite  
It's prepared for the good the pure and the best  
Tis over river where the weary find rest—  
O, I want to <sup>cross</sup> over don't you where he reigns  
And join the glad angels on Eden's fair plains  
I want to be gathered with all the redeemed  
I want to cross over where the fields are all green



Though death foaming billows are rolling between  
And glories are there such as eye hath not seen  
And songs are there sung such as ear hath not  
But the way o'er the river the Saviour hath taught

'Tis a land of pure beauty a realm of delight  
O'erflowing with gladness refulgent with light  
Its verdure never withers its flowers never die  
And I long to pass over with Jesus on high

Its fountains are pure and its pleasures untold  
Its fullness of joy no tongue can unfold  
Its life-breathing zephyrs float gently along  
O'er the river enticing a son redeemed throng

There the weary may rest and the wicked may come  
There the saints are all safe in their heavenly home  
With their harps and their crowns they always are seen  
Away o'er the river where the valleys are green  
To Jesus invite you this glory to see  
To reign with him ever all happy and free  
Oh join the redeemed and with them abide  
Oh cross the dark river bright angels will guide



Bury me in the morning  
Lay me down where the grass is green Mother  
Beneath the willow shade  
Where the marmur~~ing~~ winds <sup>in the</sup> doleful mourn  
The wreck that death has made  
Chorus

Bury me in the morning  
And mourn not at the loss  
For I'll join the beautiful army  
That carried the Saviour's cross  
Never sorrow nor sigh for me Mother  
Who fell in early years  
For I'll be in that pleasant land Mother  
That's free from grief and tears

I have heard of the land of the blest Mother  
And death is drawing near  
So ferry me o'er the stream Mother  
That mortals dread and fear

You must promise to come to me Mother  
When life and hope shall fade  
For there's room for you in that home Mother  
That's far from the greenwood shade



When this cruel war is over...

Dearest love do you remember

When we last did meet—

How you told me that you loved me

Kneeling at my feet—

Oh how proud you stood before me

In your suit of blue

How you vowed to me and country

Over to be true

Chorus

Weeping sad and lonely

Hopes and fears how vain

When this cruel war is over

Praying that we meet again

When the summer breeze is sighing

Sorrowfully along

Or when autumn leaves are falling

Sadly breathe a song

Oft in dreams I see thee lying

On the battle plain

Sadly wounded even dying

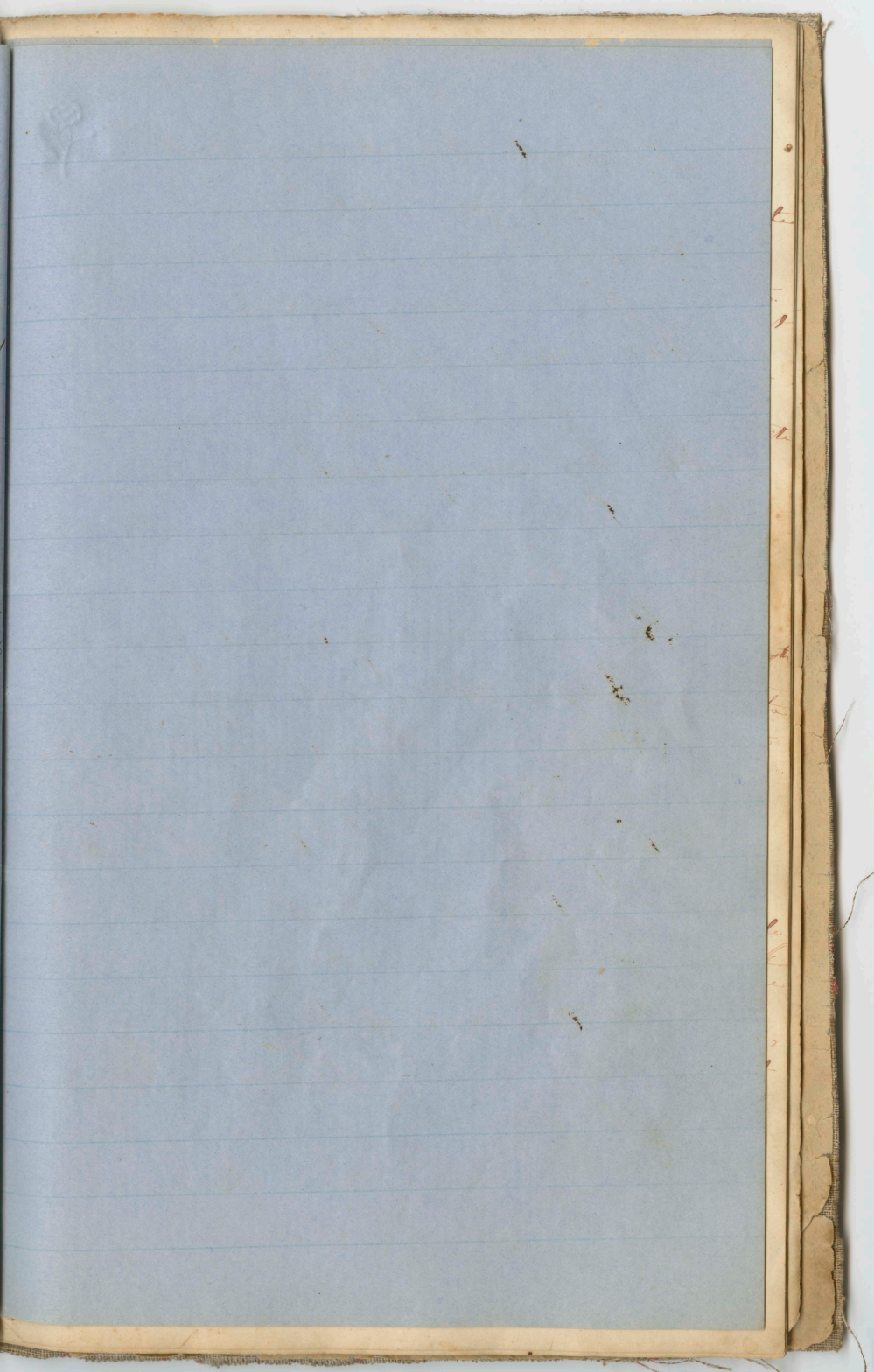
Calling but in vain



If amid the din of battle  
Nobly you should fall  
Faraway from those who love you  
None to hear you call  
Who would whisper words of comfort  
Who would soothe your pain  
Ah the many cruel fancies  
Ever in my brain  
Chorus

But our country called you darling  
Angels cheer your way  
While our nations sons are fighting  
We can only pray  
Nobly strike for God and Liberty  
Let all nations see  
How we love our starry banner  
Emblem of the free  
Chorus

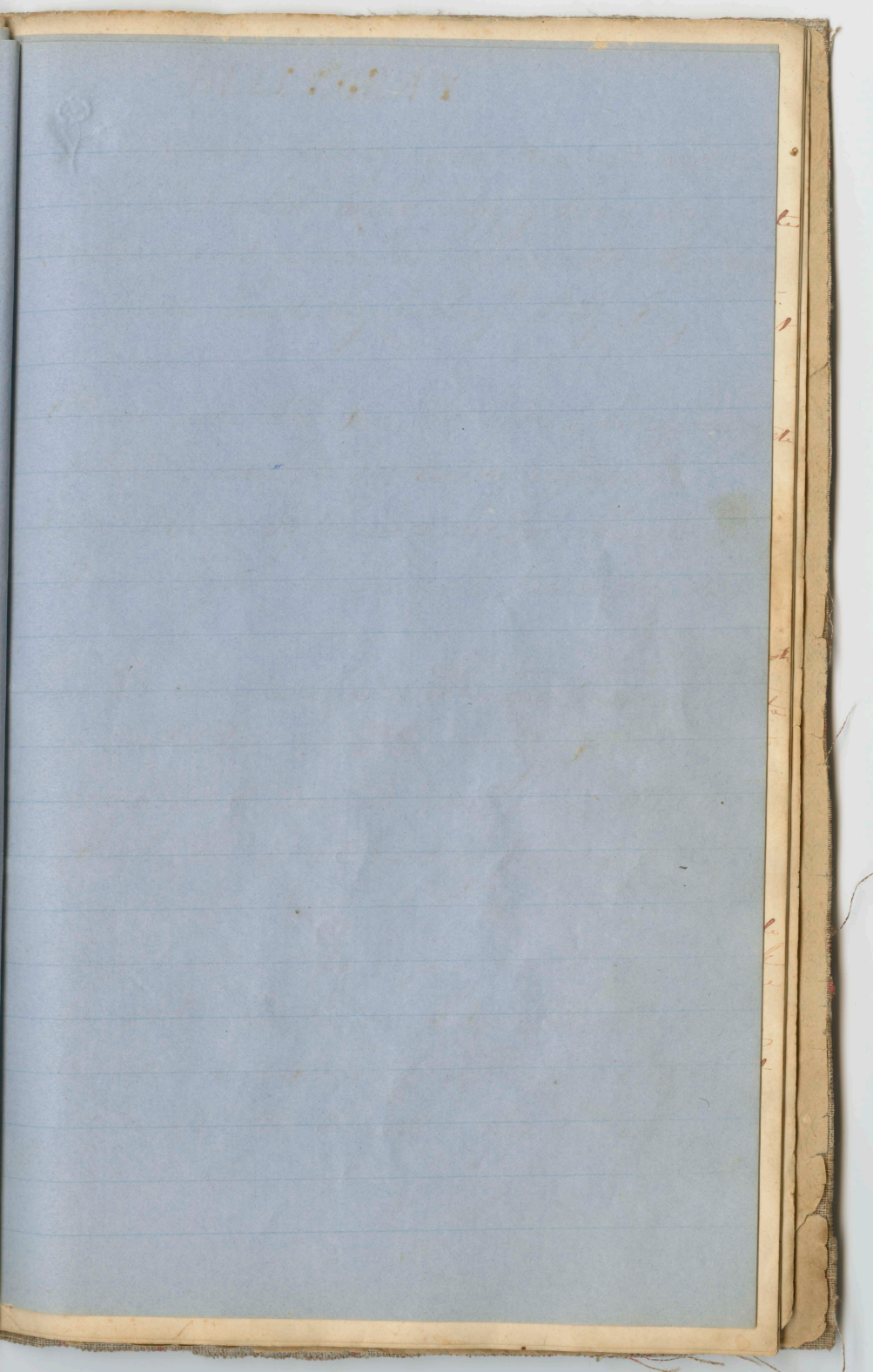






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## NELLY GRAY

In a low green valley by my old Kentucky shore  
Where I wiled many happy hours away  
A sitting and a singing by my little cottage door  
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray  
Chorus

O! my poor Nelly Gray they have taken you away  
And I'll never see my darling any more  
I am sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the <sup>day</sup>  
For she's gone from my old Kentucky shore

When the moon had climbed the mountain and the stars <sup>were shining too</sup>  
I would take my darling Nelly Gray  
We would float down the river in my little <sup>canoe</sup> red  
While the banjo so sweetly I do play  
Chorus

One night I went to see her but she'd gone the neighbors <sup>said</sup>  
The white man has bound her with his chains  
He has taken her to Georgie to wear her life away  
As she toils in the cotton and the cane



My canoe is under water and my banjo is unstring  
 I am tired of living any more  
 My eyes shall look downward and my song shall be a wailing  
 While I stay on my old Kentucky shore  
 Chorus

My eyes are getting blinded and I cannot see the way  
 Hark there is somebody knocking at my door  
 I hear the angels calling and I see my Kelly Boy  
 Farewell to my old Kentucky shore  
 Chorus

O my darling Kelly Boy up in Heaven so <sup>say</sup> they  
 That they'll never take you from me any <sup>way</sup> more  
 I'm coming, coming, coming as the angels lead the  
 Farewell to my old Kentucky shore



## The Drunkard

I saw him at the close of day  
Close by the grogshop door  
His eyes were sunk his lips were parched,  
I viewed him o'er and o'er

An infant-son stood by his side  
And to him whispering said,  
Come father mother's sick at home  
And sister cries for bread

Then up he rose and staggering in  
As he had done before  
And to the land lord faltering said  
Give me just one glass more

The host replied with smiling lips  
And filled the venom'd bowl  
He drank while wife and children <sup>starved</sup>  
And to ruin sent his soul



A year elapsed I passed that way  
A couch stood by the door  
I asked the cause mad one reply  
The drunkard is no more

I saw his funeral train pass by  
No wife or child was there  
They too had joined their mother earth  
And left this world of care

Come all ye voters of the polls  
Know ye not tis heavens decree  
You ne'er can taste eternal life  
Till from the bowl ye flee

Reflect your wife and children starve  
Fly from the grogshop fl  
Ere you like him neglected live  
Like him neglected die



The mountaineer's farewell

I have come from the mountain of the old grand state  
Where the hills are so lofty magnificent & great  
I have left kindred spirits in the land of the West  
When I bade them adieu for the far distant west  
To the mountains, to the valleys in my own native state

Repeat the first two lines

Oh! thy hills and thy valleys are sacred all to me  
To me that in lands of others I may see  
I may view scenes so sunny so fair and so sweet  
Then I'll think of my cottage that stands <sup>glow</sup> in the  
Oh! my childhood, Oh! that - <sup>state</sup> - home state, in my own native

I will oft think of her who once was my pride  
As she roved among the mountain so close by my side  
Then I'll sigh for the days that never will come  
Ere she slaps on the shore of the bold Mexima  
Oh! that loved one Oh! that graveyard <sup>state</sup> <sup>my own mother</sup>

Oh! a mother dear but she's gone to the grave  
She was the dearest thing that god ever gave



Now I go to the spot where buried is the <sup>lover</sup>  
And I seem to hear her singing with the <sup>angels</sup>  
Oh! my mother, I kiss her ashes, in my own <sup>native</sup> <sup>land</sup>  
Oh! a mother dear I've lost she's gone to the <sup>grave</sup>  
She left her orphan weeping to go, <sup>God</sup> <sup>why</sup> <sup>go</sup>  
3 / / / / / / /

The children that perished in a snow storm  
It was on one cold December night

Most chilling blew the ~~then the~~ blast  
Dark clouds obscured the stars from sight  
The snow was falling fast

Slow dragged long hours in doubt and dread

I'm pray and tear a mother shed  
While struggling o'er bleak hills in pain

The children sought their homes in vain  
Their lost in snow, unheeded their <sup>of</sup> moans  
While rough winds blew they sank alone

Still deeper fell the drifting snow

The wind colder still  
With hunger still faint their steps grew slow  
Their limbs benumbed, and chill



Her brothers strength gave out at last -  
The tide of life was ebbing fast -  
To urge him on in vain she tried  
And alike in vain for help she cried  
Oh mother dear how wouldst thou fly  
Couldst thou but hear our dying cry  
" " " " " " " "

How few a sister's love hath known  
Or what its virtue means  
In life its strength the same may be shown  
In death tis only seen  
Around his feet - she wrapped her shawl  
Across his neck her scarf her all  
Within her bosom pure and white  
His frozen hands she folded tight  
Their dying breath these children gave  
Embraced in death no hand to save  
" " " " " " " "

On dark and pathless mountains high  
Death proved a sister's love  
But how that mother spent that night  
Is only known above



How oft the darkness she did try  
Their forms to see with piercing eye  
Or strained alone a mother's ear  
Their steps amidst the storm to hear  
Cold night-snow's made one grave for the  
Hoarse wild belayed their requies



Saphronia's farewell to her husband

Written by herself

Come listen my husband as he bids me  
The Lord will soon sever Saphronia from the <sup>world</sup>  
Your place will be empty your heart torn  
While she slumbers in death no more to return

How empty how lonesome your table will be  
Your children in vain will be asking of me  
You will seek for amusement at home and abroad  
But Oh! do remember to trust in the Lord

Ten years have we lived in sweet union & love  
Our hearts and our minds both together did move  
Between us contention has never been heard  
No bar of disunion has ever been reared

But grace from the fountain has been our <sup>(support)</sup>  
Warm love and sweet union inspire each heart  
We have shined in the <sup>light</sup> <sup>has sent</sup> <sup>heaven</sup>  
And of in our dwelling found God by content-



Dear Oh! how fatal ere we were aware  
My strong constitution began to impair  
And so I now bid you farewell for I must  
Go moulder and mingle ashles in the dust

May God grant you wisdom that purify  
By train up your children in service to love  
Suppress every vice that alarms the fear  
And nourish each virtue that in them appears

Oh dear to my heart you know they must be  
I have nourished and handled them often myself  
By the help of my maker I've kept them from  
But now they must lean upon some other arm

But when you shall see that my spirit is gone  
Your youthful companion lies senseless and dead  
Mourn not for a woman that's mortal like man  
Though heavy the stroke may appear unto the



When I look to my Lord Oh! I say I will go  
When I look to my husband & children tis no  
But Oh! dearest Lord do as thou wilt -  
I long for deliverance from sin & from guilt

My companion in life no mortal can tell  
The pains that I feel when I bid you farewell  
With you met me in glory when time here shall <sup>cease</sup>  
If so I'm resigned and will lie down in peace

O yes we will meet in the high east of bliss  
Then resigned let us part in a <sup>this</sup> <sup>world</sup> <sup>like</sup>  
For I'm sure that Jehovah will never divide  
Our hearts he so strongly in sweet union tied

I must bid you farewell yes a long one to thee  
A place here on earth is no longer for me  
Remember Saphronia wherever you go  
And think on her final her lasting adieu







that I have not yet  
been able to find the  
right way to do it  
and I am sorry to say

that I have not yet  
been able to find the  
right way to do it  
and I am sorry to say

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been able to find the  
right way to do it  
and I am sorry to say



„Jane O Malley,,

I will tell thee a tale of a maidens vale

It was worn by „Jane O Malley,,

On the high lands green her form was seen

But she now sleeps in the valley  
She now sleeps, as she now sleeps in the valley

One year ago when the sun was low

Along with „Martin Ally,,

To chat and talk she did take a walk

But she now sleeps in the valley

she now sleeps

Her heart was warm she thought no harm

She was restrained by „Ally,,

Her friend do mourn she does not return

But she now sleeps in the valley

she now sleeps

They searched around till the spot was found

Where stung her „Jane O Malley,,

Where the rock was chafed her side was left

But she now sleeps in the valley

she now sleeps



King William and Lady Margaret  
King William a hunting a hunting went  
A hunting for some game  
Then who should he spy but Lady Margaret  
A riding across the plain

If you the man the man for me  
And I the maid for thee  
Before three merry, merry mornings more  
To my wedding you shall be

If you no man no man for me  
And I ~~the~~ no maid for thee  
Before three merry, merry mornings more  
To my burial you shall be

As she sat by her tower window  
A combing back her hair  
Then who should she spy but King William and <sup>his bride</sup>  
To the church they did impair



Then she cast of her ivy comb  
And brushing back her hair  
Then she cast herself from the tower window  
And never was seen there

King William dreamt a troublesome dream  
A dream that was good

He dreamt that his tower room was filled with  
And his bed chamber filled with blood

And thus he awoke and thus he spake  
And unto his wife did say  
I'll go and see Lady Margaret today  
By the leave of you my dear

He went to Lady Margaret's castle  
And knocking loud did ring  
There was no other but Lady Margaret's brother  
To arise and bid him come in



Oh! there is Lady Margaret  
How does she do today  
Lady Margaret's dead lying cold as clay  
She died for the love of thee

We turned down her winding sheet  
To gaze upon the dead  
I left your cheeks a rosy red  
But now they are pale as lead

And now I'll kiss your dead cold lips  
For I'm sure you can't kiss me  
And I'll make a ~~low~~ was a solemn vow  
And I'll kiss none after thee

Lady Margaret died as yesterday  
Being William on the morrow  
Lady Margaret died of true love alone  
Being William died of sorrow



Lady Margaret was buried on the south side  
Spring. Within on the Squire  
And out of her bosom there sprung a red rose  
And out of his a brier

They grew and they grew till the mountain  
Till they could grow no higher  
And there they entwined <sup>lovers knot</sup> and true  
The double red rose and the brier

And now young friends as you pass by  
And view these two asleep  
It's enough to make the hardest <sup>best</sup> heart  
And the dyest of eyes to weep



Hubband The rolling Stone  
Since time are so hard I will tell you with heart  
I about to leave off my plow and my cart  
And down to Kentucky a journey will I go  
To better our fortune another folks do  
Chorus, While here I do labor each day in the field  
And the winter consumed all the summer day's yield

Wife  
O Rolling I seen with sorrowful heart  
So long you've neglected your plow and your cart  
Your sheep all at random disorderedly run  
Your new sandy jacket goes every day on  
Chorus Stick close to your farm preventing loss  
For a stone that keeps rolling congether no more  
It

Wife don't be talking of stone nor of mope  
Nor think by our going well suffer a loss  
For there we can have as much land as we please  
Drink brandy & whiskey and live at our ease  
While here &c



W<sup>d</sup> O. Collins to hear me I think you are wrong  
The land in those parts were not bought with <sup>any</sup> ~~any~~  
I'm purchasing wholly I'm in despair  
It must be cash a great consequence there

W<sup>d</sup> Stick close to  
Were houses were lands were hollows were floods  
Were horses were sheep and also were cows  
Besides a good barn that stands in our yard  
Will turn into cash and we need not forego  
W<sup>d</sup>

White here to  
Your Tennessee Land Kentucky to clear  
Will cause you both money and labor <sup>each year</sup>  
Your cows sheep and horses and all things to buy  
Hardly get suited before that you die  
W<sup>d</sup> Stick close to

There's houses <sup>plains</sup> ~~land~~ plenty of land <sup>our land</sup>  
We can have ready cleared without doubt at  
Besides cows, sheep and horses are not very dear  
We can feast upon buffalo half of the year  
White here to



1770  
I wish I'd a penny ten thousand bright  
And a score of good lots in the best of the town.  
Oh! then I'll remove and with good luck  
And settle on the banks of the pleasant River  
H. Oh! stay here dear Collette

Dear wife let us go from the land we possess  
For wishing cant make us no better nor worse  
In life than one year and its hours but I  
Shall be a rich governor before that I die  
W. While here &c

'Tis time such thoughts of a farmer should cease  
For there you'll be no more than a justice of peace  
So leave of your argument your castles repair  
And let us conclude we will never go there  
H. Oh! stay &c

But your argument I know is not without weight  
But I must go there I long to be great  
One day than a year in a coach you shall ride  
In coaches & stages <sup>with</sup> good fellows & witty wits  
While here &c



97

Dear Collins remember these words of delight  
Inverted by Indians who murder by night.  
Your house will be plundered and burnt <sup>they say</sup>  
Your wife & children lie mangled around  
36

Oh! stay here to

Dear wife you've convinced me I'll argue no more  
I never once thought of your dying before  
My children I love although they are small  
My own life I value as much as you all

While here to

We will set all our thoughts upon <sup>affairs</sup> farming  
And see the corn grow and the apple tree bear  
His contentment upbraided contentment to know  
We you to your distaff and you to your plow  
We'll stick some



## Calomel

Physicians of the highest rank  
To pay their bills would need a bank  
Combine all wisdom art and skill  
Science and sense and calomel

If mister A or B be sick  
Go call the doctor and be quick  
The doctor comes with a free good will  
But he never forgets his calomel

He takes the patient by the hand  
And compliments him as his friend  
He sits a while his pulse to feel  
And then he deals out his calomel

He turns unto the patient's wife  
Have you pen paper spoon and knife  
I think your husband might do well  
To take one dose of calomel



Then he deals out one precious grain  
This man might think it would ease his pain  
Once in three hours at toll of bell  
Then give him a dose of calomel

The man grows worse quite fast indeed  
And on his pillow hangs his head  
Like hunted lion upon the hill  
He pants and sweats his calomel

Now I regain to draw my breath  
O let me die a natural death  
And bid this world a long farewell  
Without one dose of calomel  
Without one dose of calomel  
Without one dose of calomel  
calomel



The Last Hymn

1.

1 The Sabbath day was ending,  
In a village by the sea,  
The uttered benediction  
Touched the people tenderly,  
And they rose to face the sunset—  
In the glowing, lighted west,—  
And then hastened to their dwellings  
For God's blessed boon of rest.

2 But they looked across the waters,  
And a storm was raging there;  
A fierce spirit-moved above them—  
The wild spirit of the air—  
And it-lashed, and shook, & tore them,  
Till they thundered, groaned & boomed,  
And, alas! for any vessel  
In their yawning gulfs entombed.

3 Very anxious were the people  
On that rocky coast of Wales,



Lest the dawns of coming morrows  
Should be telling awful tales,  
When the sea had spent its passion,  
And should cast upon the shore  
Bits of wreck, and wolden victims,  
As it had done here tofore.

4 With the rough winds blowing round her,  
A brave woman strained her eyes,  
And she saw along the billows

A large vessel fall and rise,  
Oh! it did not need a prophet —  
To tell what the end must be.  
For no ship could ride in safety —  
Near that shore on such a sea.

5 Then the pitying people hurried  
From their homes, and thronged the <sup>beach</sup>  
Oh! for power to cross the water,  
And the perishing to reach!  
Helpful hands were rung for sorrow,  
Tender hearts grew cold with dread,



And the ship, urged by the tempest,  
To the fatal rock shore sped.

6 She has parted in the middle!  
Oh: the half of her goes down!

7 Lo! when next the white, shocked<sup>x</sup>  
faces looked with terror on the <sup>[sea]</sup>  
Only one last clinging figure on a  
spar was seen to be.

8 Nearer - the trembling waters came  
the wreck tossed by the wave,  
And the man still clung and  
floated, though no power on  
earth could save,

Could we send him a short messa-  
ge? Herd a trumpet! Shout away!  
'Twas the preacher's hand that  
took it; and he wondered what  
to say.

—  
God have mercy? is his heaven  
far to seek for those who drown.

